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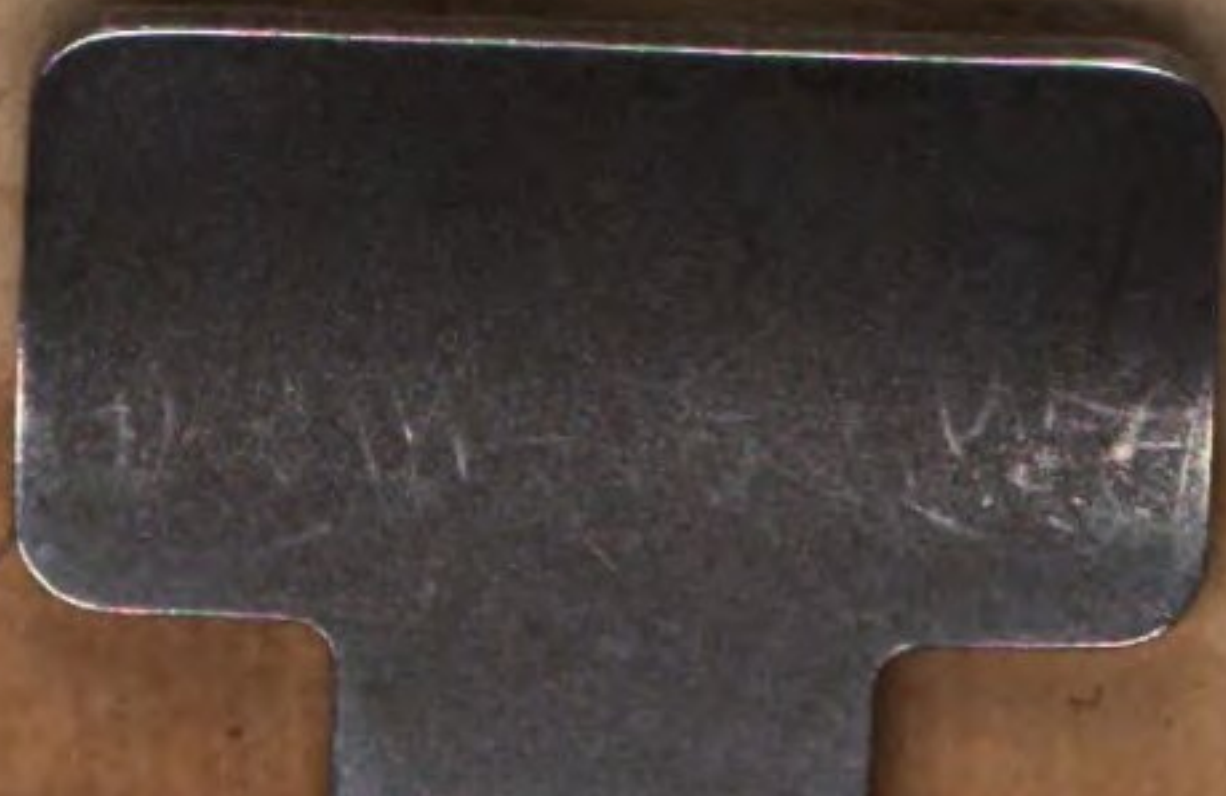
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THE
V I C A R
OF
WAKEFIELD:
A T A L E.

Sperate miseri, cavete felices.

The FOURTH EDITION.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for CARNAN and NEWBERY, at
No. 65. in St. Paul's Church-yard.

MDCCCLXX.

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München**

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are an hundred faults in this Thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, an husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey, as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement whom can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fire-side. Such as mistake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such

ADVERTISEMENT.

as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

C O N T E N T S

OF THE

F I R S T V O L U M E.

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C H A P. I.

The description of the family of Wakefield ; in which a kindred likeness prevails as well of minds as of persons.

I WAS ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman ; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling ; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could ex-

cel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; tho' I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness encreased as we grew old. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our
cousins

cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good thro' life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated: and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had

the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The 'Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and
healthy;

healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II.'s progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand

godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, ‘Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country.’—‘Ay, neighbour,’ she would answer, ‘they are as heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does.’ And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country.

Olivia,

Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquet into a prude, and a new set of ribbands has

given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of a miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

C H A P. II.

Family misfortunes. The loss of fortune only serves to increase the pride of the worthy.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management, as to the spiritual I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was

a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, or to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *Few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but alas! they had not like me made it the subject of long contemplation.

tion. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, œconomy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss

Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to encrease their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which

which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us upon these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient
to

to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a master-piece both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance: but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides : he asserted that I was heterodox, I retorted the charge : he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. 'How,' cried I, 'relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be an husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity. You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument.' 'Your fortune,' returned my friend, 'I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you in the family with the account till after the wedding : but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument ; for, I suppose, your own prudence will enforce the ne-

2

cessity

‘ necessity of dissembling at least till your son
 ‘ has the young lady’s fortune secure.’—
 ‘ Well,’ returned I, ‘ if what you tell me
 ‘ be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it
 ‘ shall never make me a rascal, or induce
 ‘ me to disavow my principles. I’ll go
 ‘ this moment and inform the company of
 ‘ my circumstances ; and as for the argu-
 ‘ ment, I even here retract my former
 ‘ concessions in the old gentleman’s favour,
 ‘ nor will I allow him now to be an hus-
 ‘ band in any sense of the expression.’

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of our misfortune ; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined : one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

A migration. The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.

TH E only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature : but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling ; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humble without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction ; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them ; and at
last

last a small Cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention therefore was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. ‘ You cannot be ignorant, my children,’ cried I, ‘ that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours
‘ dours

‘ dours with which numbers are wretch-
 ‘ ed, and seek in humbler circumstances
 ‘ that peace with which all may be hap-
 ‘ py. The poor live pleasantly without
 ‘ our help, why then should not we learn
 ‘ to live without theirs. No, my chil-
 ‘ dren, let us from this moment give up
 ‘ all pretensions to gentility; we have
 ‘ still enough left for happiness if we are
 ‘ wise, and let us draw upon content for
 ‘ the deficiencies of fortune.’

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I
 determined to send him to town, where
 his abilities might contribute to our sup-
 port and his own. The separation of
 friends and families is, perhaps, one of
 the most distressful circumstances atten-
 dant on penury. The day soon arrived on
 which we were to disperse for the first time.
 My son, after taking leave of his mother
 and the rest, who mingled their tears with
 their kisses, came to ask a blessing from
 me. This I gave him from my heart, and
 which, added to five guineas, was all the
 patrimony

patrimony I had now to bestow. ‘ You
 ‘ are going, my boy,’ cried I, ‘ to Lon-
 ‘ don on foot, in the manner Hooker,
 ‘ your great ancestor, travelled there be-
 ‘ fore you. Take from me the same horse
 ‘ that was given him by the good bishop
 ‘ Jewel, this staff. and take this book
 ‘ too, it will be your comfort on the way :
 ‘ these two lines in it are worth a million,
 ‘ *I have been young and now am old ; yet*
 ‘ *never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or*
 ‘ *his seed begging their bread.* Let this be
 ‘ your consolation as you travel on. Go,
 ‘ my boy, whatever be thy fortune let me
 ‘ see thee once a year ; still keep a good
 ‘ heart, and farewell.’ As he was possesst
 of integrity and honour, I was under no
 apprehensions from throwing him naked
 into the amphitheatre of life ; for I knew
 he would act a good part whether van-
 quished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for
 our own, which arrived a few days after-
 wards. The leaving a neighbourhood in
 which

which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension, and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to encrease it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shewn a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would encrease the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly 'Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to
the

the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident, of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. 'Want money!' replied the host, 'that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken foldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing.' The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that
he

he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, shewing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, drest in cloaths that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. 'I take it with all my heart, Sir,' replied he, 'and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me, has shewn me, that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible.'

In

In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. ‘This,’ cried he, ‘happens
‘still more lucky than I hoped for, as
‘I am going the same way myself, hav-
‘ing been detained here two days by the
‘floods, which, I hope, by to-morrow
‘will be found passable.’ I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger’s conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road-side, observing, with a smile, that as we were ill mounted; he would be too generous
to

to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprized me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different feats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. ‘That,’ cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, ‘belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman, who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependant on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman, who content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town.’ ‘What!’ cried I, ‘is my young land-
 VOL. I. C lord

‘ lord then the nephew of a man whose
 ‘ virtues, generosity, and singularities
 ‘ are so universally known? I have heard
 ‘ Sir William Thornhill represented as
 ‘ one of the most generous, yet whim-
 ‘ fical men in the kingdom; a man
 ‘ of consummate benevolence.’ ———

‘ Something, perhaps, too much so,’ re-
 plied Mr. Burchell, ‘ at least he carried
 ‘ benevolence to an excess when young;
 ‘ for his passions were then strong, and
 ‘ as they all were upon the side of vir-
 ‘ tue, they led it up to a romantic ex-
 ‘ treme. He early began to aim at the
 ‘ qualifications of the soldier and the scho-
 ‘ lar; was soon distinguished in the army,
 ‘ and had some reputation among men of
 ‘ learning. Adulation ever follows the
 ‘ ambitious; for such alone receive most
 ‘ pleasure from flattery. He was sur-
 ‘ rounded with crowds, who shewed him
 ‘ only one side of their character; so that
 ‘ he began to lose a regard for private
 ‘ interest in universal sympathy. He lov-
 ‘ ed

' ed all mankind; for fortune prevented
 ' him from knowing that there were
 ' rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder
 ' in which the whole body is so exquisitely
 ' sensible, that the slightest touch gives
 ' pain: what some have thus suffered in
 ' their persons, this gentleman felt in his
 ' mind. The slightest distress, whether
 ' real or fictitious, touched him to the
 ' quick, and his soul laboured under a
 ' sickly sensibility of the miseries of
 ' others. Thus disposed to relieve, it
 ' will be easily conjectured, he found
 ' numbers disposed to solicit: his pro-
 ' fusions began to impair his fortune, but
 ' not his good-nature; that, indeed, was
 ' seen to encrease as the other seemed to
 ' decay: he grew improvident as he grew
 ' poor; and though he talked like a man
 ' of sense, his actions were those of a
 ' fool. Still, however, being surround-
 ' ed with importunity, and no longer
 ' able to satisfy every request that was
 ' made him, instead of *money* he gave
 ' *promises*. They were all he had to be-

‘ slow, and he had not resolution enough
‘ to give any man pain by a denial. By
‘ this he drew round him crowds of de-
‘ pendants whom he was sure to disap-
‘ point; yet wished to relieve. These
‘ hung upon him for a time, and left him
‘ with merited reproaches and contempt.
‘ But in proportion as he became con-
‘ temptible to others, he became despi-
‘ cable to himself. His mind had leaned
‘ upon their adulation, and that support
‘ taken away, he could find no pleasure
‘ in the applause of his heart, which he
‘ had never learnt to reverence. The
‘ world now began to wear a different af-
‘ fect; the flattery of his friends began
‘ to dwindle into simple approbation.
‘ Approbation soon took the more friendly
‘ form of advice, and advice when reject-
‘ ed produced their reproaches. He now
‘ therefore found that such friends as be-
‘ nefits had gathered round him, were
‘ little estimable: he now found that a
‘ man’s own heart must be ever given to
‘ gain that of another. I now found,
‘ that

‘ that——that——I forgot what I was
 ‘ going to observe: in short, Sir, he re-
 ‘ solved to respect himself, and laid down
 ‘ a plan of restoring his falling fortune.
 ‘ For this purpose, in his own whimsical
 ‘ manner, he travelled through Europe
 ‘ on foot, and now, though he has scarce
 ‘ attained the age of thirty, his circumstances
 ‘ are more affluent than ever. At present,
 ‘ his bounties are more rational and mo-
 ‘ derate than before; but still he pre-
 ‘ serves the character of an humourist,
 ‘ and finds most pleasure in eccentric
 ‘ virtues.’

My attention was so much taken up by
 Mr. Burchell’s account, that I scarce
 looked forward as we went along, till we
 were alarmed by the cries of my fami-
 ly, when turning, I perceived my young-
 est daughter in the midst of a rapid
 stream, thrown from her horse, and strug-
 gling with the torrent. She had sunk
 twice, nor was it in my power to disen-
 gage myself in time to bring her relief.

My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey. My wife observing as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting,

testing, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as our's, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain: but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

C H A P. IV.

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness, which depends not on circumstance, but constitution.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniencies of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primæval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love-knots on Valentine morning, eat pancakes on Shrove-tide, shewed their wit on the first

of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, drest in their finest cloaths, and preceded by a pipe and tabor: A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat chearfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pound for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures: the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters under-

undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: by sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day.

This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing
some

some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last good night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters; yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribbands, bugles and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired

fired my 'girls the preceding night to be drest early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, drest out in all their former splendour: their hair plaistered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.——‘ Surely, my dear, ‘ you jest,’ cried my wife, ‘ we can walk ‘ it perfectly well: we want no coach to ‘ carry us now.’ ‘ You mistake, child,’ returned I, ‘ we do want a coach; for ‘ if

‘ if we walk to church in this trim, the
‘ very children in the parish will hoot af-
‘ ter us.’——‘ Indeed,’ replied my wife,
‘ I always imagined that my Charles was
‘ fond of seeing his children neat and
‘ handsome about him.’——‘ You may be
‘ as neat as you please,’ interrupted I,
‘ and I shall love you the better for it;
‘ but all this is not neatness, but frip-
‘ pery. These ruffings, and pinkings,
‘ and patchings, will only make us hated
‘ by all the wives of all our neighbours.
‘ No, my children,’ continued I, more
gravely, ‘ those gowns may be altered
‘ into something of a plainer cut; for
‘ finery is very unbecoming in us, who
‘ want the means of decency. I do not
‘ know whether such flouncing and shred-
‘ ding is becoming even in the rich, if
‘ we consider upon a moderate calcula-
‘ tion, that the nakedness of the indigent
‘ world may be cloathed from the trim-
‘ mings of the vain.’

This

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dresses; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

C H A P. V.

A new and great acquaintance introduced. *What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal.*

A T a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by an hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet ; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls
fung

fung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue-bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures: every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and by its panting, it seemed prest by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress,

trefs, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family ; but either curiosity or surprize, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, past us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chace, stopt short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception ; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, there-

therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family; and such was the power of fortune and fine cloaths, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that with a chearful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding:

ing : an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him : my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern, while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at : my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his cloaths, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave ; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate

tunate hit; for that she had known even
 stranger things than that brought to bear.
 She hoped again to see the day in which
 we might hold up our heads with the best
 of them; and concluded, she protested
 she could see no reason why the two Miss
 Wrinklers should marry great fortunes,
 and her children get none. As this last
 argument was directed to me, I protested
 I could see no reason for it neither, nor
 why Mr. Simpkins got the ten thousand
 pound prize in the lottery, and we sat
 down with a blank. ‘I protest, Charles,’
 cried my wife, ‘this is the way you always
 ‘damp my girls and me when we are in
 ‘spirits. Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what
 ‘do you think of our new visitor? Don’t
 ‘you think he seemed to be good-natured?’
 ‘——Immensely so, indeed, mamma,’ re-
 plied she, ‘I think he has a great deal to
 ‘say upon every thing, and is never at a
 ‘loss; and the more trifling the subject,
 ‘the more he has to say.’——‘Yes,’
 cried Olivia, ‘he is well enough for a
 ‘man; but for my part, I don’t much
 ‘like

‘ like him, he is so extremely impudent
‘ and familiar ; but on the guitar he is
‘ shocking.’ These two last speeches I
interpreted by contraries. I found by this,
that Sophia internally despised, as much
as Olivia secretly admired him.—‘ What-
‘ ever may be your opinions of him, my
‘ children,’ cried I, ‘ to confess a truth,
‘ he has not prepossessed me in his favour.
‘ Disproportioned friendships ever termi-
‘ nate in disgust ; and I thought, notwith-
‘ standing all his ease, that he seemed per-
‘ fectly sensible of the distance between
‘ us. Let us keep to companions of our
‘ own rank. There is no character more
‘ contemptible than a man that is a for-
‘ tune-hunter ; and I can see no reason
‘ why fortune-hunting women should not
‘ be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we
‘ shall be contemptible if his views are ho-
‘ nourable ; but if they be otherwise ! I
‘ should shudder but to think of that ! It
‘ is true, I have no apprehensions from the
‘ conduct of my children, but I think there
‘ are

‘are some from his character.’—I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the ‘Squire, who with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour, than any thing I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the centinel.

CHAP. VI.

The happiness of a country fire-side.

AS we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. ‘I am
‘forry,’ cried I, ‘that we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this
‘good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire
‘a double relish from hospitality.’——
‘Bless me,’ cried my wife, ‘here comes
‘our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved
‘our Sophia, and that run you down fairly
‘in the argument.’——‘Confute me in
‘argument, child!’ cried I. ‘You mistake there, my dear. I believe there are
‘but few that can do that: I never dispute

‘ your abilities at making a goose-pye,
‘ and I beg you’ll leave argument to me.’
—As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered
the house, and was welcomed by the fa-
mily, who shook him heartily by the hand,
while little Dick officiously reached him a
chair.

I was pleased with the poor man’s
friendship for two reasons ; because I knew
that he wanted mine, and I knew him to
be friendly as far as he was able. He was
known in our neighbourhood by the cha-
racter of the poor Gentleman that would
do no good when he was young, though
he was not yet thirty. He would at in-
tervals talk with great good sense ; but in
general he was fondest of the company of
children, whom he used to call harmless
little men. He was famous, I found, for
singing them ballads, and telling them
stories ; and seldom went out without
something in his pockets for them, a piece
of ginger-bread, or an half-penny whistle.
He

He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grissel, the adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next ale-house. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him; 'And I,' cried Bill, 'will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs.'—'Well done, my good children,' cried I, 'hospitality is one of the first christian duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to

‘ its nest ; but helpless man can only find
 ‘ refuge from his fellow creature. The
 ‘ greatest stranger in this world, was he
 ‘ that came to save it. He never had an
 ‘ house, as if willing to see what hospita-
 ‘ lity was left remaining amongst us. De-
 ‘ borah, my dear,’ cried I to my wife,
 ‘ give those boys a lump of sugar each,
 ‘ and let Dick’s be the largest, because he
 ‘ ipoke first.’

In the morning early I called out my
 whole family to help at faving an after-
 growth of hay, and our guest offering his
 assistance, he was accepted among the
 number. Our labours went on lightly,
 we turned the swath to the wind, I went
 foremost, and the rest followed in due suc-
 cession. I could not avoid, however, ob-
 serving the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in
 assisting my daughter Sophia in her part
 of the task. When he had finished his own,
 he would join in her’s, and enter into a
 close conversation : but I had too good an
 opinion

opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before ; but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. ' What a strong instance,' said I, ' is that ' poor man of the miseries attending a ' youth of levity and extravagance. He ' by no means wants sense, which only ' serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor ' forlorn creature, where are now the revel- ' lers, the flatterers, that he could once in- ' spire and command ! Gone, perhaps to ' attend the bagnio pander, grown rich ' by his extravagance. They once praised ' him, and now they applaud the pander : ' their former raptures at his wit, are now ' converted into farcasms at his folly : he ' is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty ;

‘ for he has neither the ambition to be in-
 ‘ dependent, nor the skill to be useful.’
 Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons,
 I delivered this observation with too much
 acrimony, which my Sophia gently re-
 proved. ‘ Whatsoever his former conduct
 ‘ may be, pappa, his circumstances should
 ‘ exempt him from censure now. His
 ‘ present indigence is a sufficient punish-
 ‘ ment for former folly ; and I have heard
 ‘ my pappa himself say, that we should
 ‘ never strike our unnecessary blow at a
 ‘ victim over whom providence holds the
 ‘ scourge of its resentment.’——‘ You
 ‘ are right, Sophy,’ cried my son Moses,
 ‘ and one of the ancients finely represents
 ‘ so malicious a conduct, by the attempts
 ‘ of a rustic to flay Marsyas, whose skin,
 ‘ the fable tells us, had been wholly stript
 ‘ off by another. Besides I don’t know
 ‘ if this poor man’s situation be so bad as
 ‘ my father would represent it. We are
 ‘ not to judge of the feelings of others by
 ‘ what we might feel if in their place.
 ‘ How-

‘ However dark the habitation of the mole
 ‘ to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds
 ‘ the apartment sufficiently lightsome.
 ‘ And to confess a truth, this man’s mind
 ‘ seems fitted to his station ; for I never
 ‘ heard any one more sprightly than he
 ‘ was to-day, when he conversed with
 ‘ you.’—This was said without the least
 design, however it excited a blush, which
 she strove to cover by an affected laugh,
 assuring him, that she scarce took any no-
 tice of what he said to her ; but that she
 believed he might once have been a very
 fine gentleman. The readiness with
 which she undertook to vindicate herself,
 and her blushing, were symptoms I did not
 internally approve ; but I repress my
 suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next
 day, my wife went to make the venison
 pasty ; Moses sat reading, while I taught
 the little ones : my daughters seemed
 equally busy with the rest ; and I observed

them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me in a whisper, that they were making a *wash* for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that instead of mending the complexion they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by slow degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

C H A P. VII.

A town wit described. The dullest fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two.

W H E N the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next ale-house : but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all ; for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wil-

mot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath, that he never knew any thing more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: 'For, strike me ugly,' continued he, 'if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's.' At this he laughed, and so did we:—the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia too could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections.—

'Come tell us honestly, Frank,' said the Squire, with his usual archness, 'suppose the church, your present mistress, drest
' in

‘ in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss
 ‘ Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the
 ‘ other, which would you be for?’ ‘ For
 ‘ both, to be sure,’ cried the chaplain.—
 ‘ Right, Frank,’ cried the ‘Squire; ‘ for
 ‘ may this glass suffocate me but a fine
 ‘ girl is worth all the priestcraft in the
 ‘ creation. For what are tythes and tricks
 ‘ but an imposition, all a confounded im-
 ‘ posture, and I can prove it.’——‘ I wish
 ‘ you would,’ cried my son Moses, ‘ and
 ‘ I think,’ continued he, ‘ that I should
 ‘ be able to answer you.’——‘ Very well,
 ‘ Sir,’ cried the ‘Squire, who immediate-
 ly smoaked him, and winking on the rest
 of the company, to prepare us for the
 sport, ‘ if you are for a cool argument
 ‘ upon that subject, I am ready to accept
 ‘ the challenge. And first, whether are
 ‘ you for managing it analogically, or
 ‘ dialogically?’ ‘ I am for managing it
 ‘ rationally,’ cried Moses, quite happy
 at being permitted to dispute. ‘ Good
 ‘ again,’ cried the ‘Squire, ‘ and firstly,
 ‘ of the first. I hope you’ll not deny that

‘ whatever is, is. If you don’t grant me
 ‘ that, I can go no further.’——‘ Why,’
 returned Moses, ‘ I think I may grant that,
 ‘ and make the best of it.’——‘ I hope
 ‘ too,’ returned the other, ‘ you’ll grant
 ‘ that a part is less than the whole.’ ‘ I
 ‘ grant that too,’ cried Moses, ‘ it is but
 ‘ just and reasonable.’——‘ I hope,’ cried
 the ‘Squire, ‘ you will not deny, that the
 ‘ two angles of a triangle are equal to two
 ‘ right ones.’——‘ Nothing can be plainer,’
 returned t’other, and looked round with
 his usual importance.——‘ Very well,’
 cried the ‘Squire, speaking very quick,
 ‘ the premises being thus settled, I pro-
 ‘ ceed to observe, that the concatenation
 ‘ of self existences, proceeding in a reci-
 ‘ procal duplicate ratio, naturally produce
 ‘ a problematical dialogism, which in some
 ‘ measure proves that the essence of spi-
 ‘ rituality may be referred to the second
 ‘ predicable.’——‘ Hold, hold,’ cried the
 other, ‘ I deny that: Do you think I
 ‘ can thus tamely submit to such heterodox
 ‘ doctrines?’ —— ‘ What,’ replied the
 ‘Squire,

'Squire, as if in a passion, 'not submit!
 ' Answer me one plain question : Do you
 ' think Aristotle right when he says, that
 ' relatives are related ?' ' Undoubtedly,'
 replied the other. ' If so then,' cried the
 'Squire, ' answer me directly to what I
 ' propose : Whether do you judge the a-
 ' nalytical investigation of the first part of
 ' my enthymem deficient secundum quoad,
 ' or quoad minus, and give me your rea-
 ' sons : give me your reasons : I say, di-
 ' rectly.'——' I protest,' cried Moses,
 ' I don't rightly comprehend the force of
 ' your reasoning ; but if it be reduced to
 ' one simple proposition, I fancy it may
 ' then have an answer.'——' O, Sir,'
 cried the 'Squire, ' I am your most humble
 ' servant, I find you want me to fur-
 ' nish you with argument and intellects
 ' too. No, Sir, there I protest you are
 ' too hard for me.' This effectually rais-
 ed the laugh against poor Moses, who fate
 the only dismal figure in a groupe of
 merry faces : nor did he offer a single
 syllable

syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine cloaths, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising then that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and
con-

conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. 'And now, my dear,' cried she to me, 'I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?' 'Ay, who knows that indeed,' answered I, with a groan: 'for my part I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no free-thinker shall ever have a child of mine.'

'Sure, father,' cried Moses, 'you are
' too

‘ too severe in this ; for heaven will never
 ‘ arraign him for what he thinks, but for
 ‘ what he does. Every man has a thou-
 ‘ sand vicious thoughts, which arise with-
 ‘ out his power to suppress. Thinking
 ‘ freely of religion, may be involuntary
 ‘ with this gentleman : so that allowing
 ‘ his sentiments to be wrong, yet as he is
 ‘ purely passive in his assent, he is no
 ‘ more to be blamed for his errors than
 ‘ the governor of a city without walls for
 ‘ the shelter he is obliged to afford an in-
 ‘ vading enemy.’

‘ True, my son,’ cried I ; ‘ but if
 ‘ the governor invites the enemy there,
 ‘ he is justly culpable. And such is al-
 ‘ ways the case with those who embrace
 ‘ error. The vice does not lie in assent-
 ‘ ing to the proofs they see ; but in being
 ‘ blind to many of the proofs that offer.
 ‘ So that, though our erroneous opinions
 ‘ be involuntary when formed, yet as we
 ‘ have been wilfully corrupt, or very
 ‘ negligent in forming them, we deserve
 ‘ pu-

‘punishment for our vice, or contempt for
‘our folly.’

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument: she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: ‘And who
‘knows, my dear,’ continued she, ‘what
‘Olivia may be able to do. The girl
‘has a great deal to say upon every sub-
‘ject, and to my knowledge is very well
‘skilled in controversy.’

‘Why, my dear, what controversy can
‘she have read?’ cried I. ‘It does not
‘occur to me that I ever put such books
‘into her hands: you certainly over-rate
‘her merit.’ ‘Indeed, pappa,’ replied
Olivia, ‘she does not: I have read a
‘great deal of controversy. I have read
‘the disputes between Thwackum
‘and Square; the controversy between
‘Ro-

‘ Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage,
‘ and I am now employed in reading the
‘ controversy in Religious Courtship.’—
‘ Very well,’ cried I, ‘ that’s a good girl,
‘ I find you are perfectly qualified for
‘ making converts, and so go help your
‘ mother to make the gooseberry-pie.’

C H A P. VIII.

An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

TH E next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would, in a jesting manner, call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbands, hers

hers was the finest. I knew now how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction two black birds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. ‘I never sit
 ‘thus,’ says Sophia, ‘but I think of
 ‘the two lovers, so sweetly described by
 ‘Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each
 ‘other’s arms. There is something so
 ‘pathetic in the description, that I have
 ‘read it an hundred times with new rapture.’——‘In my opinion,’ cried my son, ‘the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the *Acis*
 ‘and

‘ and Galatea of Ovid. The Roman poet
 ‘ understands the use of *contrast* better,
 ‘ and upon that figure artfully managed
 ‘ all strength in the pathetic depends.’—
 ‘ It is remarkable,’ cried Mr. Burchell,
 ‘ that both the poets you mention have
 ‘ equally contributed to introduce a false
 ‘ taste into their respective countries, by
 ‘ loading all their lines with epithet. Men
 ‘ of little genius found them most easily
 ‘ imitated in their defects, and English
 ‘ poetry, like that in the latter empire of
 ‘ Rome, is nothing at present but a com-
 ‘ bination of luxuriant images, without
 ‘ plot or connexion; a string of epithets
 ‘ that improve the sound, without carry-
 ‘ ing on the sense. But perhaps, Madam,
 ‘ while I thus reprehend others, you’ll
 ‘ think it just that I should give them an
 ‘ opportunity to retaliate, and indeed I
 ‘ have made this remark only to have an
 ‘ opportunity of introducing to the com-
 ‘ pany a ballad, which, whatever be its
 ‘ other

‘ other defects, is I think at least free
‘ from those I have mentioned.’

A B A L L A D.

‘ **T**URN, gentle hermit of the dale,
‘ ‘ And guide my lonely way,
‘ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
‘ ‘ With hospitable ray.

‘ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
‘ ‘ With fainting steps and slow;
‘ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
‘ ‘ Seem lengthening as I go.’

‘ Forbear, my son,’ the hermit cries,
‘ ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom;
‘ For yonder faithless phantom flies
‘ ‘ To lure thee to thy doom.

‘ Here to the houseless child of want,
‘ ‘ My door is open still;
‘ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
‘ ‘ I give it with good will.

‘ Then

- ‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share
- ‘ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
- ‘ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
- ‘ My blessing and repose.
- ‘ No flocks that range the valley free,
- ‘ To slaughter I condemn :
- ‘ Taught by that power that pities me,
- ‘ I learn to pity them.
- ‘ But from the mountain’s grassy side,
- ‘ A guiltless feast I bring ;
- ‘ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
- ‘ And water from the spring.
- ‘ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
- ‘ All earth-born cares are wrong :
- ‘ Man wants but little here below,
- ‘ Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay,
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care;
 The wicket opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest and smil'd,
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 ' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
 ' The sorrows of thy breast?

' From better habitations spurn'd,
 ' Reluctant dost thou rove;
 ' Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 ' Or unregarded love?

' Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
 ' Are trifling, and decay;
 ' And those who prize the paltry things,
 ' More trifling still than they.

' And what is friendship but a name,
 ' A charm that lulls to sleep;
 ' A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 ' But leaves the wretch to weep?

‘ And love is still an emptier sound,
 ‘ The modern fair one’s jest,
 ‘ On earth unseen, or only found
 ‘ To warm the turtle’s nest.

‘ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 ‘ And spurn the sex,’ he said :
 But, while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauties rise
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o’er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms,
 The lovely stranger stands confess’d
 A maid in all her charms.

‘ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 ‘ A wretch forlorn,’ she cry’d,
 ‘ Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 ‘ Where heaven and you reside.

‘ But

‘ But let a maid thy pity share,
 ‘ Whom love has taught to stray;
 ‘ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 ‘ Companion of her way.

‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 ‘ A wealthy lord was he;
 ‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
 ‘ He had but only me.

‘ To win me from his tender arms,
 ‘ Unnumber’d suitors came;
 ‘ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
 ‘ And felt or feign’d a flame.

‘ Each hour a mercenary crowd
 ‘ With richest proffers strove:
 ‘ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
 ‘ But never talk’d of love.

‘ In humble simplest habit clad,
 ‘ No wealth nor power had he;
 ‘ Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 ‘ But these were all to me.

- ‘ The blossom opening to the day,
- ‘ The dews of heaven refin’d,
- ‘ Could nought of purity display,
- ‘ To emulate his mind.

- ‘ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
- ‘ With charms inconstant shine ;
- ‘ Their charms were his, but woe to me,
- ‘ Their constancy was mine.

- ‘ For still I try’d each fickle art,
- ‘ Importunate and vain :
- ‘ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
- ‘ I triumph’d in his pain.

- ‘ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
- ‘ He left me to my pride ;
- ‘ And sought a solitude forlorn,
- ‘ In secret where he died.

- ‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
- ‘ And well my life shall pay,
- ‘ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
- ‘ And stretch me where he lay.—

‘ And

- ‘ And there forlorn despairing hid,
 ‘ I’ll lay me down and die:
 ‘ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 ‘ And so for him will I.’
- ‘ Forbid it, heaven !’ the hermit cry’d,
 And clasp’d her to his breast :
 The wondering fair one turn’d to chide,
 ‘Twas Edwin’s self that prest.
- ‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 ‘ My charmer, turn to see,
 ‘ Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
 ‘ Restor’d to love and thee.
- ‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 ‘ And ev’ry care resign :
 ‘ And shall we never, never part,
 ‘ My life,—my all that’s mine.
- ‘ No, never, from this hour to part,
 ‘ We’ll live and love so true ;
 ‘ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 ‘ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.’

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us, and immediately after a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the 'Squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and sportsman-like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride
in

in a whisper, observing, that Sophy had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the 'Squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moon-light, on the grass-plot before our door. 'Nor can I deny,' continued he, 'but I have an interest in being
 'first to deliver this message, as I expect
 'for my reward to be honoured with Miss
 'Sophy's hand as a partner.' To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour:
 'But here,' continued she, 'is a gentleman,' looking at Mr. Burchell, 'who
 'has been my companion in the task for
 'the day, and it is fit he should share
 'in its amusements.' Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions; but resigned her up to the chaplain,

lain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to an harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could thus prefer a man of broken fortunes to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

C H A P. IX.

Two ladies of great distinction introduced.
Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

MR. Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the 'Squire was come, with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under gentlemen and two young ladies richly drest, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of dis-

approbation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots, but an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to; though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig, and the round-about to perfection; yet they were totally unacquainted with country dances. This at first discomposed us: however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright, Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours hearing what was going forward,

ward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flambo-rough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that by the *living jingo*, *she was all of a muck of sweat*. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversa-

tion at this time, was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction, (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and what appeared amiss was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife

wife warmly assented to both; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess.— ‘And what pleasures,’ cried Mr. Thornhill, ‘do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part,’ continued he, ‘my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure, are my maxims; but curse me if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers; and the only favour I would ask in return would be to add myself to the benefit.’ I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my

my resentment. ‘ Sir,’ cried I, ‘ the family
 ‘ which you now condescend to favour
 ‘ with your company, has been bred with
 ‘ as nice a sense of honour as you. Any
 ‘ attempts to injure that, may be attend-
 ‘ ed with very dangerous consequences.
 ‘ Honour, Sir, is our only possession at
 ‘ present, and of that last treasure we
 ‘ must be particularly careful.’——I was
 soon sorry for the warmth with which I
 had spoken this, when the young gentle-
 man, grasping my hand, swore he com-
 mended my spirit, though he disapproved
 my suspicions. ‘ As to your present
 ‘ hint,’ continued he, ‘ I protest nothing
 ‘ was farther from my heart than such a
 ‘ thought. No, by all that’s tempting,
 ‘ the virtue that will stand a regular siege
 ‘ was never to my taste ; for all my amours
 ‘ are carried by a coup de main.’

The two ladies who affected to be ig-
 norant of the rest, seemed highly displeas-
 ed with this last stroke of freedom, and

began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the 'Squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked on the pleasures of temperance, and of the sun-shine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal, and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters; for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The 'Squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties:

ties: the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal: for which we had nothing but fullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

C H A P. X.

The family endeavours to cope with their betters. The miseries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumstances.

I Now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me
that

that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead therefore of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flam-boroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and high lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsey came to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawney sybil no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling apiece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but

but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great.—

‘ Well, my girls, how have you sped ?

‘ Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller

‘ given thee a penny-worth ?’—‘ I protest,

‘ pappa,’ says the girl, ‘ I believe she

‘ deals with some body that’s not right ;

‘ for she positively declared, that I am to

‘ be married to a ‘Squire in less than a

‘ twelvemonth ?’——‘ Well, now, Sophy,

‘ my child,’ said I, ‘ and what sort of

‘ a husband are you to have ?’ ‘ Sir’, re-

plied she, ‘ I am to have a Lord soon

‘ after my sister has married the ‘Squire.’

——‘ How,’ cried I, ‘ is that all you are

‘ to have for your two shillings ! Only

‘ a Lord and a ‘Squire for two shillings !

‘ You fools, I could have promised you

‘ a Prince and a Nabob for half the

‘ money.’

This

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects : we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case we cook the dish to our own appetite ; in the latter nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising ; and as the whole parish asserted that the 'Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him ; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning, with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross bones,

bones, the sign of an approaching wedding: at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle, purses bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After
tea,

tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus.—‘I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow.’—‘Perhaps we may, my dear,’ returned I; ‘though you need be under no uneasiness about that, you shall have a sermon whether there be or not.’——‘That is what I expect,’ returned she; ‘but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?’ ‘Your precautions,’ replied I, ‘are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, chearful and serene.’—‘Yes,’ cried she, ‘I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs about us.’ ‘You are quite right, my dear,’ returned I, ‘and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the
‘service

‘ service begins.’———‘ Phoo, Charles,’ interrupted she, ‘ all that is very true ;
 ‘ but not what I would be at. I mean,
 ‘ we should go there genteelly. You
 ‘ know the church is two miles off, and
 ‘ I protest I don’t like to see my daughters
 ‘ trudging up to their pew all blowzed
 ‘ and red with walking, and looking for
 ‘ all the world as if they had been winners
 ‘ at a smock race. Now, my dear, my
 ‘ proposal is this : there are our two plow
 ‘ horses, the Colt that has been in our
 ‘ family these nine years, and his compa-
 ‘ nion Blackberry, that has scarce done an
 ‘ earthly thing for this month past. They
 ‘ are both grown fat and lazy. Why
 ‘ should not they do something as well as
 ‘ we ? And let me tell you, when Moses
 ‘ has trimmed them a little, they will cut
 ‘ a very tolerable figure.’

To this proposal I objected, that walk-
 ing would be twenty times more genteel
 than such a paltry conveyance, as Black-
 berry was wall-eyed, and the Colt wanted
 a tail :

a tail: that they had never been broke to the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections however were over-ruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was encreased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when got about half way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones
ex-

exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay ; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them ; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.



The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education, since the last meeting of the Board, on the 1st of January, 1880.

Admitted on the 1st of January, 1880: [illegible names]

Admitted on the 1st of February, 1880: [illegible names]

Admitted on the 1st of March, 1880: [illegible names]

Admitted on the 1st of April, 1880: [illegible names]

Admitted on the 1st of May, 1880: [illegible names]

Admitted on the 1st of June, 1880: [illegible names]

Admitted on the 1st of July, 1880: [illegible names]

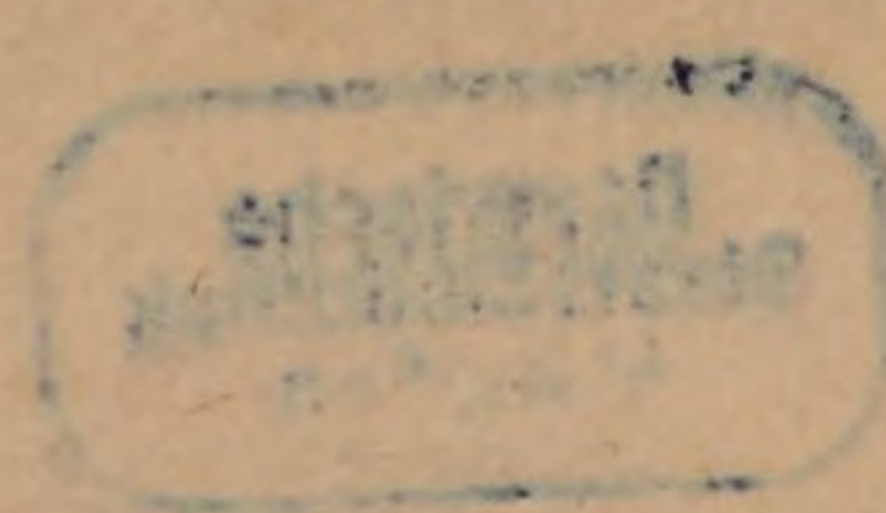
Admitted on the 1st of August, 1880: [illegible names]

Admitted on the 1st of September, 1880: [illegible names]

Admitted on the 1st of October, 1880: [illegible names]

Admitted on the 1st of November, 1880: [illegible names]

Admitted on the 1st of December, 1880: [illegible names]



C H A P. XI.

The family still resolve to hold up their heads.

Michaelmas eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flam-borough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: However, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they fate down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primæval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all, except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump
with

with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad singer, when confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia un-

dertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, ‘ we were thrown from our horses.’ At which account the ladies were greatly concerned ; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad : but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry ; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters ; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia ; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of
the

the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

‘ All that I know of the matter,’ cried Miss Skeggs, ‘ is this, that it may be true, ‘ or it may not be true : but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout ‘ was in amaze ; his Lordship turned all ‘ manner of colours, my Lady fell into a ‘ found ; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his ‘ sword, swore he was hers to the last drop ‘ of his blood.’

‘ Well,’ replied our peeress, ‘ this I can ‘ say, that the Duchess never told me a ‘ syllable of the matter, and I believe her ‘ Grace would keep nothing a secret from ‘ me. This you may depend upon as fact, ‘ that the next morning my Lord Duke ‘ cried out three times to his valet de ‘ chambre, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, ‘ bring me my garters.’

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr.

Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

‘ Besides, my dear Skeggs,’ continued our Peerefs, ‘ there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion.’ *Fudge!*

‘ I am surpris’d at that,’ cried Miss Skeggs; ‘ for he seldom leaves any thing out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favour me with a sight of them.’ *Fudge!*

‘ My dear creature,’ replied our Peerefs, ‘ do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed I was ever an
‘ ad-

‘ admirer of all Dr. Burdock’s little pieces ;
 ‘ for except what he does, and our dear
 ‘ Countess at Hanover-square, there’s no-
 ‘ thing comes out but the most lowest stuff
 ‘ in nature ; not a bit of high life among
 ‘ them.’ *Fudge !*

‘ Your Ladyship should except,’ says
 t’other, ‘ your own things in the Lady’s
 ‘ Magazine. I hope you’ll say there’s no-
 ‘ thing low lived there ? But I suppose we
 ‘ are to have no more from that quarter ?’
Fudge !

‘ Why, my dear,’ says the Lady, ‘ you
 ‘ know my reader and companion has left
 ‘ me to be married to Captain Roach, and
 ‘ as my poor eyes won’t suffer me to write
 ‘ myself, I have been for some time
 ‘ looking out for another. A proper
 ‘ person is no easy matter to find, and
 ‘ to be sure thirty pounds a year is a
 ‘ small stipend for a well bred girl of cha-
 ‘ racter, that can read, write, and behave

‘ in company ; as for the chits about town,
 ‘ there is no bearing them about one.’
Fudge !

‘ That I know,’ cried Miss Skeggs,
 ‘ by experience. For of the three com-
 ‘ panions I had this last half year, one of
 ‘ them refused to do plain-work an hour
 ‘ in the day, another thought twenty-five
 ‘ guineas a year too small a salary, and
 ‘ I was obliged to send away the third,
 ‘ because I suspected an intrigue with the
 ‘ chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blar-
 ‘ ney, virtue is worth any price ; but
 ‘ where is that to be found ?’ *Fudge !*

My wife had been for a long time all
 attention to this discourse ; but was parti-
 cularly struck with the latter part of it.
 Thirty pounds and twenty five guineas a
 year made fifty-six pounds five shillings
 English money, all which was in a man-
 ner going a begging, and might easily be
 secured in the family. She for a moment
 studied my looks for approbation ; and,
 to

to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. 'I hope,' cried she, 'your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least the country can't shew better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, breadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain-work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up small cloaths, work upon catgut; my eldest can cut

F 6

' paper,

‘ paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards.’ *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: ‘ But a thing of this kind, Madam,’ cried she, addressing my spouse, ‘ requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, Madam,’ continued she, ‘ that I in the least suspect the young ladies virtue, prudence and discretion; but there is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form.’

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to
be

be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character: but this our Peerefs declined as unnecessary, alledging that our cousin Thornhill's commendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

The Widow of William

of the County of ...
in the County of ...
the County of ...
the County of ...
the County of ...
the County of ...
the County of ...

...

...

C H A P. XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the 'Squire's recommendation; but he had already shewn us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: 'Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it.'——'Pretty well,' cried I, not knowing what to say.——'What only pretty well!' returned she. 'I think it is very well.'

‘ well. Suppose the girls should come to
 ‘ make acquaintances of taste in town!
 ‘ This I am assured of, that London is
 ‘ the only place in the world for all man-
 ‘ ner of husbands. Besides, my dear,
 ‘ stranger things happen every day: and
 ‘ as ladies of quality are so taken with
 ‘ my daughters, what will not men of
 ‘ quality be! Entre nous, I protest I like
 ‘ my Lady Blarney vastly, so very oblig-
 ‘ ing. However, Miss Carolina Wilelmi-
 ‘ na Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet,
 ‘ when they came to talk of places in town,
 ‘ you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell
 ‘ me, my dear, don’t you think I did for
 ‘ my children there?’——‘ Ay,’ returned
 I, not knowing well what to think of
 the matter, ‘ heaven grant they may be
 ‘ both the better for it this day three
 ‘ months!’ This was one of those obser-
 vations I usually made to impress my wife
 with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the
 girls succeed, then it was a pious wish
 fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate en-
 sued, then it might be looked upon as a
 pro-

prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than, that as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the Colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us an horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. ‘No, my dear,’ said she, ‘our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing.’

‘ing. He always stands out and higgles,
 ‘and actually tires them till he gets a
 ‘bargain.’

As I had some opinion of my son’s prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the Colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him good luck, good luck, till we could see him no longer.

He

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous enquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. 'Ay,' cried my wife, 'I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go sleep.' To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger seven pence halfpenny.

This

This was to be our visiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection.—This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. ‘I never doubted,’ ‘Sir,’ cried she, ‘your readiness to be
‘ against

‘ against my daughters and me. You
 ‘ have more circumspection than is want-
 ‘ ed. However, I fancy when we come
 ‘ to ask advice, we shall apply to persons
 ‘ who seem to have made use of it them-
 ‘ selves.’——‘ Whatever my own con-
 ‘ duct may have been, Madam,’ replied
 he, ‘ is not the present question; though
 ‘ as I have made no use of advice myself,
 ‘ I should in conscience give it to those
 ‘ that will.’——As I was apprehensive
 this answer might draw on a repartee,
 making up by abuse what it wanted in
 wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to
 wonder what could keep our son so long
 at the fair, as it was now almost night-
 fall.——‘ Never mind our son,’ cried my
 wife, ‘ depend upon it he knows what he
 ‘ is about. I’ll warrant we’ll never see
 ‘ him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have
 ‘ seen him buy such bargains as would
 ‘ amaze one. I’ll tell you a good story
 ‘ about that, that will make you split your
 ‘ sides with laughing——But as I live,
 ‘ yonder

‘ yonder comes Moses, without an horse,
 ‘ and the box at his back.’

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.——‘ Welcome, welcome, ‘ Moses; well my boy, what have you ‘ brought us from the fair ?’———‘ I have ‘ brought you myself,’ cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.——‘ Ay, Moses,’ cried my wife, ‘ that we know, but where is the horse ?’ ‘ I have sold him,’ cried Moses, ‘ for ‘ three pounds five shillings and two- ‘ pence.’———‘ Well done, my good boy,’ returned she, ‘ I knew you would touch ‘ them off. Between ourselves, three ‘ pounds five shillings and two-pence is ‘ no bad day’s work. Come, let us have ‘ it then.’———‘ I have brought back no ‘ money,’ cried Moses again. ‘ I have ‘ laid it all out in a bargain, and here it ‘ is,’ pulling out a bundle from his breast :
 ‘ here

‘ here they are ; a groce of green spec-
 ‘ tacles, with silver rims and shagreen
 ‘ cases.’—‘ A groce of green spectacles !’
 repeated my wife in a faint voice. ‘ And
 ‘ you have parted with the Colt, and
 ‘ brought us back nothing but a groce of
 ‘ green paltry spectacles !’——‘ Dear mo-
 ‘ ther,’ cried the boy, ‘ why won’t you
 ‘ listen to reason ? I had them a dead
 ‘ bargain, or I should not have bought
 ‘ them. The silver rims alone will sell
 ‘ for double the money.’——‘ A fig for
 ‘ the silver rims,’ cried my wife, in a pas-
 sion : ‘ I dare swear they won’t sell for
 ‘ above half the money at the rate of
 ‘ broken silver, five shillings an ounce.’—
 ‘ You need be under no uneasiness,’ cried
 I, ‘ about selling the rims ; for they are
 ‘ not worth six-pence, for I perceive they
 ‘ are only copper varnished over.’--‘ What,’
 cried my wife, ‘ not silver, the rims not
 ‘ silver !’ ‘ No,’ cried I, ‘ no more silver
 ‘ than your fauce-pan.’——‘ And so,’ re-
 turned she, ‘ we have parted with the Colt,
 ‘ and

‘ and have only got a groce of green
 ‘ spectacles, with copper rims and sha-
 ‘ green cases! A murrain take such
 ‘ trumpery. The blockhead has been
 ‘ imposed upon, and should have known
 ‘ his company better.’——‘ There, my
 ‘ dear,’ cried I, ‘ you are wrong, he
 ‘ should not have known them at all.’——
 ‘ Marry, hang the ideot,’ returned she,
 ‘ to bring me such stuff, if I had them,
 ‘ I would throw them in the fire.’ ‘ There
 ‘ again you are wrong, my dear,’ cried
 I; ‘ for though they be copper, we will
 ‘ keep them by us, as copper spectacles,
 ‘ you know, are better than nothing.’

By this time the unfortunate Moses was
 undeceived. He now saw that he had in-
 deed been imposed upon by a prowling
 sharper; who, observing his figure, had
 marked him for an easy prey. I therefore
 asked the circumstances of his deception.
 He sold the horse, it seems, and walked
 the fair in search of another. A reverend
 looking man brought him to a tent, under
 pretence

pretence of having one to sell. ‘Here,’ continued Moses, ‘we met another man, very well drest, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying, that he wanted money and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two groce between us.’

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C H A P. XIII.

Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy ;
for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine ; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. ‘ You
‘ see, my children,’ cried I, ‘ how little
‘ is to be got by attempts to impose upon
‘ the world, in coping with our betters.
‘ Such as are poor and will associate with
‘ none but the rich, are hated by those
‘ they avoid, and despised by these they
‘ follow. Unequal combinations are always
‘ disadvantageous to the weaker
‘ side : the rich having the pleasure, and
‘ the poor the inconveniencies that result

‘ from them. But come, Dick, my boy,
‘ and repeat the fable that you were read-
‘ ing to-day, for the good of the com-
‘ pany.’

‘ Once upon a time,’ cried the child,
‘ a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and
‘ kept together. They made a bargain
‘ that they would never forsake each other,
‘ but go seek adventures. The first battle
‘ they fought was with two Saracens, and
‘ the Dwarf, who was very courageous,
‘ dealt one of the champions a most angry
‘ blow. It did the Saracen but very little
‘ injury, who lifting up his sword, fairly
‘ struck off the poor Dwarf’s arm. He was
‘ now in a woeful plight; but the Giant
‘ coming to his assistance, in a short time
‘ left the two Saracens dead on the plain,
‘ and the Dwarf cut off the dead man’s
‘ head out of spite. They then travelled
‘ on to another adventure. This was
‘ against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who
‘ were carrying away a damsel in distress.
‘ The

‘ The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now
‘ as before ; but for all that, struck the
‘ first blow, which was returned by an-
‘ other, that knocked out his eye : but
‘ the Giant was soon up with them, and
‘ had they not fled, would certainly have
‘ killed them every one. They were all
‘ very joyful for this victory, and the
‘ damsel who was relieved fell in love with
‘ the Giant, and married him. They
‘ now travelled far, and farther than I can
‘ tell, till they met with a company
‘ of robbers. The Giant, for the first
‘ time, was foremost now ; but the Dwarf
‘ was not far behind. The battle was
‘ stout and long. Wherever the Giant
‘ came all fell before him ; but the Dwarf
‘ had like to have been killed more than
‘ once. At last the victory declared for
‘ the two adventurers ; but the Dwarf lost
‘ his leg. The Dwarf had now lost
‘ an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the
‘ Giant was without a single wound. Upon
‘ which he cried out to his little compa-
‘ nion, My little heroe, this is glorious
‘ sport ;

‘ sport; let us get one victory more, and
 ‘ then we shall have honour for ever. No,
 ‘ cries the Dwarf, who was by this time
 ‘ grown wiser, no, I declare off; I’ll fight
 ‘ no more: for I find in every battle that
 ‘ you get all the honour and rewards, but
 ‘ all the blows fall upon me.’

I was going to moralize this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardor, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she
 knew,

knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised; but, for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future.——
 ‘Madam,’ cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to enflame her the more, ‘as for secret reasons, you are right: I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: but I find my visits here are become troublesome; I’ll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country.’ Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I

was willing to reprove: ‘How, woman,’
 cried I to her, ‘is it thus we treat stran-
 ‘gers? Is it thus we return their kind-
 ‘ness: Be assured, my dear, that these
 ‘were the harshest words, and to me the
 ‘most unpleasing that ever escaped your
 ‘lips!’—‘Why would he provoke me
 ‘then?’ replied she; ‘but I know the
 ‘motives of his advice perfectly well.
 ‘He would prevent my girls from going
 ‘to town, that he may have the pleasure
 ‘of my youngest daughter’s company
 ‘here at home. But whatever happens,
 ‘she shall chuse better company than
 ‘such low-lived fellows as he.’—‘Low-
 ‘lived, my dear, do you call him?’ cried
 I; ‘it is very possible we may mistake
 ‘this man’s character: for he seems upon
 ‘some occasions the most finished gen-
 ‘tleman I ever knew.—Tell me, So-
 ‘phia, my girl, has he ever given you
 ‘any secret instances of his attach-
 ‘ment?’—‘His conversation with me,
 ‘Sir,’ replied my daughter, ‘has ever
 ‘been

‘ been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As
 ‘ to aught else, no, never. Once indeed,
 ‘ I remember to have heard him say he
 ‘ never knew a woman who could find me-
 ‘ rit in a man that seemed poor.’ ‘ Such,
 ‘ my dear,’ cried I, ‘ is the common cant
 ‘ of all the unfortunate or idle. But I
 ‘ hope you have been taught to judge pro-
 ‘ perly of such men, and that it would be
 ‘ even madness to expect happiness from
 ‘ one who has been so very bad an œcono-
 ‘ mist of his own. Your mother and I
 ‘ have now better prospects for you. The
 ‘ next winter, which you will probably
 ‘ spend in town, will give you opportu-
 ‘ nities of making a more prudent choice.’

What Sophia’s reflections were upon
 this occasion, I cannot pretend to deter-
 mine; but I was not displeased at the bot-
 tom that we were rid of a guest from
 whom I had much to fear. Our breach of
 hospitality went to my conscience a little :
 but I quickly silenced that monitor by two
 or three specious reasons, which served to

satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

C H A P. XIV.

Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings.

TH E journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expence. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished, it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plow, without his companion, and equally

unfit for the road, as wanting an eye ; it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purposes above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair, and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps ; and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back, to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces ; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and, after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he
would

would have nothing to say to him: a second came up; but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home: a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money: a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts: a fifth, wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with the blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time "I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me; yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right, and St. Gregory upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business to the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house and taking
a

a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met: the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. 'Make
' no apologies, my child,' said the old man, 'to do good is a duty we owe to
' all our fellow creatures: take this, I
' wish it were more; but five pounds will

re-

‘relieve your distress, and you are welcome.’ The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose’s company as possible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention, for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that couragious monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. ‘Sir,’ cried I, ‘the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold
‘before

‘ before you, Sir, that Doctor Primrose,
 ‘ the monogamist, whom you have been
 ‘ pleased to call great. You here see that
 ‘ unfortunate Divine, who has so long,
 ‘ and it would ill become me to say suc-
 ‘ cessfully, fought against the deuterogamy
 ‘ of the age.’ ‘ Sir,’ cried the stranger,
 ‘ struck with awe, ‘ I fear I have
 ‘ been too familiar; but you’ll forgive my
 ‘ curiosity, Sir: I beg pardon.’ ‘ Sir,’
 ‘ cried I, grasping his hand, ‘ you are so far
 ‘ from displeasing me by your familiarity,
 ‘ that I must beg you’ll accept my friend-
 ‘ ship, as you already have my es-
 ‘ teem.’——‘ Then with gratitude I ac-
 ‘ cept the offer,’ cried he, squeezing me
 ‘ by the hand, ‘ thou glorious pillar of un-
 ‘ shaken orthodoxy; and do I behold’——
 I here interrupted what he was going to
 say; for though, as an author, I could
 digest no small share of flattery, yet now
 my modesty would permit no more.
 However, no lovers in romance ever ce-
 mented a more instantaneous friendship.
 We talked upon several subjects: at first,

I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem: for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much——‘ Ay, Sir,’ replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, ‘ Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-

‘buchadon-Affer, Affer being a Syriac
 ‘word usually applied as a surname to the
 ‘kings of that country, as Teglat Phael-
 ‘Affer, Nabon-Affer, he, I say, formed
 ‘a conjecture equally absurd; for as
 ‘we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*,
 ‘which implies that books will never
 ‘teach the world; so he attempted to in-
 ‘vestigate.—But, Sir, I ask pardon, I
 ‘am straying from the question.’——

That he actually was; nor could I for my
 life see how the creation of the world had
 any thing to do with the business I was
 talking of; but it was sufficient to shew
 me that he was a man of letters, and I
 now revered him the more. I was re-
 solved therefore to bring him to the touch-
 stone; but he was too mild and too gentle
 to contend for victory. Whenever I made
 any observation that looked like a chal-
 lenge to controversy, he would smile,
 shake his head, and say nothing; by which
 I understood he could say much, if he
 thought proper. The subject therefore
 insensibly changed from the business of an-
 tiquity

tiquity to that which brought us both to the fair; mine I told him was to sell an horse, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. ‘Here, Abraham,’ cried he, ‘go and get gold for this; you’ll do it at neighbour Jackson’s or any where.’ While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, though he had offered

ferred half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all ; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flam-borough in my part of the country : upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, ‘ If that be the case then,’ returned he, ‘ I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draught upon him, payable at sight ; and let me tell you he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps ; but he could hop upon one leg farther than I.’ A draught upon my neighbour was to me the same as money ; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability ; the draught was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draught from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draught changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoaking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. 'You can read the name, 'I suppose,' cried I, 'Ephraim Jenkin- 'son.' 'Yes,' returned he, 'the name 'is written plain enough, and I know the 'gentleman too, the greatest rascal under 'the canopy of heaven. This is the 'very same rogue who sold us the spec- 'tacles. Was he not a venerable look- 'ing man, with grey hair, and no flaps 'to his pocket-holes? And did he not 'talk a long string of learning about 'Greek and cosmogony, and the world?' To this I replied with a groan. 'Aye,' con-

continued he, ‘ he has but that one piece
 ‘ of learning in the world, and he always
 ‘ talks it away whenever he finds a scholar
 ‘ in company : but I know the rogue, and
 ‘ will catch him yet.’

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master’s visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas, upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these, but whatever
 they

they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours, too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

C H A P. XV.

All Mr. Burchell's villainy at once detected. The folly of being over-wise.

THAT evening and part of the following day was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies : scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen, and upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects ; but what particularly engaged our attention, was a sealed note, superscribed, *the copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornbill-castle.* It instantly occurred that

he was the base informer, and we deliberated whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family, and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows:

‘ LADIES,

‘ **T**HE bearer will sufficiently satisfy
 ‘ you as to the person from whom this
 ‘ comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being
 ‘ seduced. I am informed for a truth,
 ‘ that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I
 ‘ have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor
 ‘ virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my
 ‘ opinion, that the impropriety of such a
 ‘ step will be attended with dangerous

‘ consequences. It has never been my
 ‘ way to treat the infamous or the lewd
 ‘ with severity ; nor should I now have
 ‘ taken this method of explaining my-
 ‘ self, or reproving folly, did it not aim at
 ‘ guilt. Take therefore the admonition
 ‘ of a friend, and seriously reflect on the
 ‘ consequences of introducing infamy and
 ‘ vice into retreats where peace and inno-
 ‘ cence have hitherto resided.’

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us ; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had met with. Nor could I account for

it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude; yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little; and then in the midst of the flattering calm to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had
some

some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach, he entered, drew a chair, and sat down.—‘A fine day, ‘Mr. Burchell.’——‘A very fine day, ‘Doctor; though I fancy we shall have ‘some rain by the shooting of my corns.’ ——‘The shooting of your horns,’ cried my wife in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke.— ‘Dear madam,’ replied he, ‘I pardon ‘you with all my heart; for I protest I ‘should not have thought it a joke had ‘you not told me.’——‘Perhaps not, ‘Sir,’ cried my wife, winking at us, ‘and yet I dare say you can tell us how ‘many jokes go to an ounce.’——‘I fancy, ‘madam,’ returned Burchell, ‘you have ‘been reading a jest book this morning, ‘that ounce of jokes is so very good a ‘conceit; and yet, madam, I had rather ‘see half an ounce of understanding.’—— ‘I believe you might,’ cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; ‘and yet I have seen some ‘men pretend to understanding that have

‘very little.’——‘And no doubt,’ replied her antagonist, ‘you have known ladies set up for wit that had none.’——I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. ‘Both wit and understanding,’ cried I, ‘are trifles without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without an heart? *An honest man is the noblest work of God.*’

‘I always held that hackney’d maxim of Pope,’ returned Mr. Burchell, ‘as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties; so should that of men be prized not for their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar

‘lar

‘ lar may want prudence, the statesman
 ‘ may have pride, and the champion fero-
 ‘ city ; but shall we prefer to these the
 ‘ low mechanic, who laboriously plods on
 ‘ through life, without censure or ap-
 ‘ plause ? We might as well prefer the
 ‘ tame correct paintings of the Flemish
 ‘ school to the erroneous, but sublime ani-
 ‘ mations of the Roman pencil.’

‘ Sir,’ replied I, ‘ your present obser-
 ‘ vation is just, when there are shining vir-
 ‘ tues and minute defects ; but when it
 ‘ appears that great vices are opposed in
 ‘ the same mind to as extraordinary virtues,
 ‘ such a character deserves contempt.’

‘ Perhaps,’ cried he, ‘ there may be
 ‘ some such monsters as you describe, of
 ‘ great vices joined to great virtues ; yet
 ‘ in my progress through life, I never
 ‘ yet found one instance of their existence :
 ‘ on the contrary, I have ever perceived,
 ‘ that where the mind was capacious, the
 ‘ affections were good. And indeed Pro-

‘vidence seems kindly our friend in this
 ‘particular, thus to debilitate the under-
 ‘standing where the heart is corrupt, and
 ‘diminish the power where there is the
 ‘will to do mischief. This rule seems to
 ‘extend even to other animals: the little
 ‘vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel,
 ‘and cowardly, whilst those endowed
 ‘with strength and power are generous,
 ‘brave, and gentle.’

‘These observations found well,’ re-
 turned I, ‘and yet it would be easy this
 ‘moment to point out a man,’ and I fixed
 my eye stedfastly upon him, ‘whose head
 ‘and heart form a most detestable con-
 ‘trast. Ay, Sir,’ continued I, raising my
 voice, ‘and I am glad to have this op-
 ‘portunity of detecting him in the midst
 ‘of his fancied security. Do you know
 ‘this, Sir, this pocket-book?’——‘Yes,
 ‘Sir,’ returned he, with a face of impe-
 netrable assurance, ‘that pocket-book is
 ‘mine, and I am glad you have found
 ‘it.’——‘And do you know,’ cried I,
 ‘this

‘ this letter ? Nay, never falter, man ; but
 ‘ look me full in the face : I say, do you
 ‘ know this letter ?’——‘ That letter,’—
 returned he, ‘ yes, it was I that wrote that
 ‘ letter.’——‘ And how could you,’ said I,
 ‘ so basely, so ungratefully presume to
 ‘ write this letter ?’——‘ And how came
 ‘ you,’ replied he, with looks of unparal-
 leled effrontery, ‘ so basely to presume to
 ‘ break open this letter ? Don’t you know,
 ‘ now, I could hang you all for this ? All
 ‘ that I have to do is to swear at the next
 ‘ justice’s that you have been guilty of
 ‘ breaking open the lock of my pocket-
 ‘ book, and so hang you all up at his
 ‘ door.’ This piece of unexpected info-
 lence raised me to such a pitch, that I
 could scarce govern my passion. ‘ Un-
 ‘ grateful wretch, begone, and no longer
 ‘ pollute my dwelling with thy baseness.
 ‘ Begone, and never let me see thee again :
 ‘ go from my doors, and the only punish-
 ‘ ment I wish thee, is an alarmed consci-
 ‘ ence, which will be a sufficient tormen-

‘tor!’ so saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps with the utmost composure, left us, quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villainies: ‘My dear,’ cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, ‘we are not to be surprized that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.’

‘Guilt and Shame, says the allegory, were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both; Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever.

‘Guilt

‘ Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to
‘ overtake Fate, that went before in the
‘ shape of an executioner: but Shame be-
‘ ing naturally timorous, returned back
‘ to keep company with Virtue, which, in
‘ the beginning of their journey, they had
‘ left behind. Thus, my children, after
‘ men have travelled through a few stages
‘ in vice, shame forsakes them, and re-
‘ turns back to wait upon the few virtues
‘ they have still remaining.’

Guilt boldly walked towards alone to
overcome Fate, that would be one in the
shape of an extraordinary, but common
the naturally tinged, assigned task
to keep company with Time, which, in
the beginning of their journey, they had
all deemed. Thus, my child, after
they have travelled through a few regions
in vice, thence to take them, and to
turn back to wait upon the few virtues
they have still remaining.

C H A P. XVI.

The family use art, which is opposed with
still greater.

WHATEVER might have been
Sophia's sensations, the rest of the
family was easily consoled for Mr. Bur-
chell's absence by the company of our
landlord, whose visits now became more
frequent and longer. Though he had been
disappointed in procuring my daughters
the amusements of the town, as he design-
ed, he took every opportunity of supply-
ing them with those little recreations which
our retirement would admit of. He usu-
ally came in the morning, and while my
son and I followed our occupations abroad,
he sat with the family at home, and amused
them by describing the town, with every
part

part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him, or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the Squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely

extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march
upon

upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, for what could I do? our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds

monds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, drest in a green Joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be drest out with an hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the 'Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was compleated. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied

fied with his performance ; but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable ; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed ; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle ; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The 'Squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour

honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again therefore entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of an husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided
to

to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it, by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could over-hear the whole conversation: My wife artfully introduced it, by observing, that one of the Miss Flambo-roughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the 'Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands; 'But
'heaven help,' continued she, 'the girls
'that have none. What signifies beauty,
'Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the
'virtue, and all the qualifications in the
'world, in this age of self-interest? It is
'not,

‘ not, what is she? but what has she? is
‘ all the cry.’

‘ Madam,’ returned he, ‘ I highly ap-
‘ prove the justice, as well as the novelty,
‘ of your remarks, and if I were a king,
‘ it should be otherwise. It should then,
‘ indeed, be fine times with the girls without
‘ fortunes: our two young ladies should
‘ be the first for whom I would provide.’

‘ Ah, Sir!’ returned my wife, ‘ you
‘ are pleased to be facetious: but I wish
‘ I were a queen, and then I know where
‘ my eldest daughter should look for an
‘ husband. But now, that you have put
‘ it into my head, seriously, Mr. Thorn-
‘ hill, can’t you recommend me a proper
‘ husband for her? she is now nineteen
‘ years old, well grown and well educated,
‘ and, in my humble opinion, does not
‘ want for parts.’

‘ Madam,’ replied he, ‘ if I were to
‘ chuse, I would find out a person possessed
‘ of every accomplishment that can make
‘ an angel happy. One with prudence,
‘ fortune,

‘fortune, taste, and sincerity; such, ma-
 ‘dam, would be, in my opinion, the pro-
 ‘per husband.’ ‘Ay, Sir,’ said she, ‘but
 ‘do you know of any such person?’——
 ‘No, madam,’ returned he, ‘it is im-
 ‘possible to know any person that deserves
 ‘to be her husband: she’s too great a trea-
 ‘sure for one man’s possession: she’s a god-
 ‘dess. Upon my soul, I speak what I
 ‘think, she’s an angel.’——‘Ah, Mr.
 ‘Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl:
 ‘but we have been thinking of marrying
 ‘her to one of your tenants, whose mother
 ‘is lately dead, and who wants a mana-
 ‘ger: you know whom I mean, farmer
 ‘Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill,
 ‘able to give her good bread; and who
 ‘has several times made her proposals:’
 (which was actually the case) ‘but, Sir,’
 concluded she, ‘I should be glad to have
 ‘your approbation of our choice.’——
 ‘How, Madam,’ replied he, ‘my ap-
 ‘probation! My approbation of such a
 ‘choice! Never. What! Sacrifice so much
 ‘beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a crea-
 ‘ture

‘ ture insensible of the blessing! Excuse
 ‘ me, I can never approve of such a piece
 ‘ of injustice! And I have my reasons!’—
 ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ cried Deborah, ‘ if you
 ‘ have your reasons, that’s another affair;
 ‘ but I should be glad to know those rea-
 ‘ sons.’—‘ Excuse me, madam,’ returned
 he, ‘ they lie too deep for discovery:’
 (laying his hand upon his bosom) ‘ they
 ‘ remain buried, rivetted here.’

After he was gone, upon general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love, than matrimony in them: yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of farmer Williams, who, from my daughter’s first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

"I am sensible of the blessing of Heaven
 upon me, I can never approve of such a piece
 of selfishness! And I have my reasons for
 it. Indeed, Sir, such selfishness, if you
 give your reason, that's another story.
 But I should be glad to know what you
 think of it. I have no objection, I am
 sure, to any thing that is for the service
 of my King and Country. (Saying this, he turned
 round, and looked at the children.)

"I am sure, Sir, that you will be
 glad to hear that I was just, upon your
 account, we could not tell what to make
 of this fine language. Obedience consisted
 in the instance of the most exacted
 son; but I was not quite so fortunate; it
 happened to me pretty plain, that they had
 more of love, than maintenance. I believe
 yet, whatever they might have said, it was
 told to protect the children of sinners.
 William, who, from my description, had
 appeared in the country, had paid for
 his education, and was now at school.
 I am sure, Sir, that you will be
 glad to hear that I was just, upon your
 account, we could not tell what to make
 of this fine language. Obedience consisted
 in the instance of the most exacted
 son; but I was not quite so fortunate; it
 happened to me pretty plain, that they had
 more of love, than maintenance. I believe
 yet, whatever they might have said, it was
 told to protect the children of sinners.
 William, who, from my description, had
 appeared in the country, had paid for
 his education, and was now at school.

C H A P. XVII.

Scarce any virtue found to resist the power
of long and pleasing temptation.

AS I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger: but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave,

though I own it puzzled me to find him so much in pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gayety—
 ‘ You now see, my child,’ said I, ‘ that
 ‘ your confidence in Mr. Thornhill’s pas-
 ‘ sion was all a dream: he permits the ri-
 ‘ valry of another, every way his inferior,
 ‘ though he knows it lies in his power to
 ‘ secure you to himself by a candid decla-
 ‘ ration.’——— ‘ Yes, pappas,’ returned she, ‘ but he has his reasons for this de-
 ‘ lay: I know he has. The sincerity of
 ‘ his looks and words convince me of his
 ‘ real esteem. A short time, I hope, will
 ‘ discover

‘ discover the generosity of his sentiments,
 ‘ and convince you that my opinion of him
 ‘ has been more just than yours.’——
 ‘ Olivia, my darling,’ returned I, ‘ every
 ‘ scheme that has been hitherto pursued
 ‘ to compel him to a declaration, has
 ‘ been proposed and planned by your-
 ‘ self, nor can you in the least say that I
 ‘ have constrained you. But you must
 ‘ not suppose, my dear, that I will ever
 ‘ be instrumental in suffering his honest
 ‘ rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed
 ‘ passion. Whatever time you require to
 ‘ bring your fancied admirer to an expla-
 ‘ nation shall be granted; but at the ex-
 ‘ piration of that term, if he is still re-
 ‘ gardless, I must absolutely insist that
 ‘ honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded
 ‘ for his fidelity. The character which I
 ‘ have hitherto supported in life demands
 ‘ this from me, and my tenderness, as
 ‘ a parent, shall never influence my in-
 ‘ tegrity as a man. Name then your day,
 ‘ let it be as distant as you think proper,
 ‘ and in the mean time take care to let

‘ Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on
 ‘ which I design delivering you up to an-
 ‘ other. If he really loves you, his own
 ‘ good sense will readily suggest that there
 ‘ is but one method alone to prevent his
 ‘ losing you for ever.’——This propo-
 sal, which she could not avoid considering
 as perfectly just, was readily agreed to.
 She again renewed her most positive pro-
 mise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case
 of the other’s insensibility ; and at the next
 opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill’s presence,
 that day month was fixed upon for her
 nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to re-
 double Mr. Thornhill’s anxiety : but what
 Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness.
 In this struggle between prudence and
 passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and
 every opportunity of solitude was sought,
 and spent in tears. One week passed away ;
 but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to re-
 strain her nuptials. The succeeding week
 he was still assiduous ; but not more open.
 On

On the third he discontinued his visits entirely, and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future. Busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost, ‘ Well, Moses,’ cried I, ‘ we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family ; what is your opinion of matters and things in general ?’——‘ My opinion, father, is that all things go on very well ; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to farmer Williams, we

‘ shall then have the loan of his cyder-
 ‘ press and brewing tubs for nothing.’—
 ‘ That we shall, Moses,’—cried I, ‘ and
 ‘ he will sing us Death and the Lady, to
 ‘ raise our spirits into the bargain.’——
 ‘ He has taught that song to our Dick,’
 cried Moses; ‘ and I think he goes thro’ it
 ‘ very prettily.’—‘ Does he so?’ cried I,
 ‘ then let us have it: where’s little Dick?
 ‘ let him up with it boldly.’——‘ My
 ‘ brother Dick,’ cried Bill my youngest,
 ‘ is just gone out with sister Livy; but
 ‘ Mr. Williams has taught me two songs,
 ‘ and I’ll sing them for you, pappa.
 ‘ Which song do you chuse, *the dying Swan*,
 ‘ or the *Elegy on the death of a mad dog*?’
 ‘ The elegy, child, by all means,’ said I;
 ‘ I never heard that yet; and Deborah,
 ‘ my life, grief you know is dry, let us
 ‘ have a bottle of the best gooseberry
 ‘ wine, to keep up our spirits. I have
 ‘ wept so much at all sorts of elegies of
 ‘ late, that without an enlivening glass I
 ‘ am sure this will overcome me; and So-
 ‘ phy, love, take your guitar, and thrum
 ‘ in with the boy a little.’

An

AN ELEGY on the Death of a Mad Dog.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Isling town there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they lied,
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

‘ A very good boy, Bill, upon my word,
‘ and an elegy that may truly be called
‘ tragical. Come, my children, here’s
‘ Bill’s health, and may he one day be a
‘ bishop.’

‘ With all my heart,’ cried my wife;
‘ and if he but preaches as well as he
‘ sings,

‘ sings, I make no doubt of him. The
 ‘ most of his family, by the mother’s side,
 ‘ could sing a good song: it was a com-
 ‘ mon saying in our country, that the fa-
 ‘ mily of the Blenkinsops could never
 ‘ look straight before them, nor the Hug-
 ‘ insons blow out a candle; that there
 ‘ were none of the Grograms but could
 ‘ sing a song, or of the Marjorams but
 ‘ could tell a story.’———‘ However
 ‘ that be,’ cried I, ‘ the most vulgar bal-
 ‘ lad of them all generally pleases me
 ‘ better than the fine modern odes, and
 ‘ things that petrify us in a single stanza;
 ‘ productions that we at once detest and
 ‘ praise. Put the glass to your brother,
 ‘ Moses. The great fault of these ele-
 ‘ giafts is, that they are in despair for
 ‘ griefs that give the sensible part of man-
 ‘ kind very little pain. A lady loses her
 ‘ muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the
 ‘ silly poet runs home to versify the dis-
 ‘ after.’

‘ That may be the mode,’ cried Moses,
 ‘ in sublimer compositions; but the Ra-
 ‘ nelagh songs that come down to us are
 ‘ perfectly familiar, and all cast in the
 ‘ same mold: Collin meets Dolly, and
 ‘ they hold a dialogue together; he gives
 ‘ her a fairing to put in her hair, and she
 ‘ presents him with a nosegay; and then
 ‘ they go together to church, where they
 ‘ give good advice to young nymphs and
 ‘ swains to get married as fast as they
 ‘ can.’

‘ And very good advice too,’ cried I;
 ‘ and I am told there is not a place in the
 ‘ world where advice can be given with
 ‘ so much propriety as there; for, as it
 ‘ persuades us to marry, it also furnishes
 ‘ us with a wife; and surely that must be
 ‘ an excellent market, my boy, where we
 ‘ are told what we want, and supplied
 ‘ with it when wanting.’

‘ Yes, Sir,’ returned Moses, ‘ and I
 ‘ know but of two such markets for wives
 ‘ in

‘ in Europe, Ranelagh in England, and
 ‘ Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish mar-
 ‘ ket is open once a year, but our English
 ‘ wives are saleable every night.’

‘ You are right, my boy,’ cried his
 mother, ‘ Old England is the only place in
 ‘ the world for husbands to get wives.’—
 ‘ And for wives to manage their hus-
 ‘ bands,’ interrupted I. ‘ It is a pro-
 ‘ verb abroad, that if a bridge were built
 ‘ across the sea, all the ladies of the Con-
 ‘ tinent would come over to take pattern
 ‘ from ours ; for there are no such wives
 ‘ in Europe as our own. But let us have
 ‘ one bottle more, Deborah, my life, and
 ‘ Moses give us a good song. What
 ‘ thanks do we not owe to heaven for
 ‘ thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and
 ‘ competence. I think myself happier
 ‘ now than the greatest monarch upon
 ‘ earth. He has no such fire-side, nor
 ‘ such pleasant faces about it. Yes, De-
 ‘ borah, we are now growing old ; but

‘ the evening of our life is likely to be
 ‘ happy. We are descended from ances-
 ‘ tors that knew no stain, and we shall
 ‘ leave a good and virtuous race of chil-
 ‘ dren behind us. While they live they
 ‘ will be our support and our pleasure
 ‘ here, and when we die they will transf-
 ‘ mit our honour untainted to posterity.
 ‘ Come, my son, we wait for a song :
 ‘ let us have a chorus. But where is my
 ‘ darling Olivia? That little cherub’s
 ‘ voice is always sweetest in the concert.’—
 Just as I spoke, Dick came running in, ‘ O
 ‘ pappas, pappas, she is gone from us, she
 ‘ is gone from us, my sister Livy is gone
 ‘ from us for ever.’—‘ Gone, child !’—
 ‘ Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen
 ‘ in a post chaise, and one of them kissed
 ‘ her, and said he would die for her ;
 ‘ and she cried very much, and was for
 ‘ coming back ; but he persuaded her
 ‘ again, and she went into the chaise, and
 ‘ said, O what will my poor pappas do
 ‘ when he knows I am undone !’——
 ‘ Now then,’ cried I, ‘ my children, go
 ‘ and

‘ and be miserable ; for we shall never en-
 ‘ joy one hour more. And O may hea-
 ‘ ven’s everlasting fury light upon him
 ‘ and his ! Thus to rob me of my child !
 ‘ And sure it will, for taking back my
 ‘ sweet innocent that I was leading up to
 ‘ heaven. Such sincerity as my child was
 ‘ posselt of. But all our earthly happi-
 ‘ ness is now over ! Go, my children,
 ‘ go, and be miserable and infamous ; for
 ‘ my heart is broken within me !’——
 ‘ Father,’ cried my son, ‘ is this your
 ‘ fortitude ?’——‘ Fortitude, child ! Yes,
 ‘ he shall see I have fortitude ! Bring me
 ‘ my pistols. I’ll pursue the traitor.
 ‘ While he is on earth I’ll pursue him.
 ‘ Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him
 ‘ yet. The villain ! the perfidious vil-
 ‘ lain’——I had by this time reached
 down my pistols, when my poor wife,
 whose passions were not so strong as mine,
 caught me in her arms ‘ My dearest,
 ‘ dearest husband,’ cried she, ‘ the bible
 ‘ is the only weapon that is fit for your
 ‘ old

‘ old hands now. Open that, my love,
 ‘ and read our anguish into patience, for
 ‘ she has vilely deceived us.’—‘ Indeed,
 ‘ Sir,’ resumed my son, after a pause,
 ‘ your rage is too violent and unbecom-
 ‘ ing. You should be my mother’s com-
 ‘ forter, and you increase her pain. It
 ‘ ill suited you and your reverend cha-
 ‘ racter thus to curse your greatest enemy :
 ‘ you should not have curst him, villain
 ‘ as he is.’—— ‘ I did not curse him,
 ‘ child, did I ?’—— ‘ Indeed, Sir, you
 ‘ did ; you curst him twice.’—— ‘ Then
 ‘ may heaven forgive me and him if I did.
 ‘ And now, my son, I see it was more
 ‘ than human benevolence that first taught
 ‘ us to bless our enemies ! Blest be his
 ‘ holy name for all the good he hath giv-
 ‘ en, and for all that he hath taken away.
 ‘ But it is not, it is not a small distress
 ‘ that can wring tears from these old eyes,
 ‘ that have not wept for so many years.
 ‘ My child !—To undo my darling ! May
 ‘ confusion seize !—Heaven forgive me,
 ‘ what am I about to say ! You may re-
 ‘ member,

‘ member, my love, how good she was,
 ‘ and how charming; till this vile moment
 ‘ all her care was to make us happy. Had
 ‘ she but died! But she is gone, the ho-
 ‘ nour of our family contaminated, and I
 ‘ must look out for happiness in other
 ‘ worlds than here. But my child, you
 ‘ saw them go off: perhaps he forced her
 ‘ away? If he forced her, she may yet
 ‘ be innocent.’—‘ Ah no, Sir,’ cried
 the child; ‘ he only kissed her, and called
 ‘ her his angel, and she wept very much,
 ‘ and leaned upon his arm, and they drove
 ‘ off very fast.’——‘ She’s an ungrateful
 ‘ creature,’ cried my wife, who could scarce
 speak for weeping, ‘ to use us thus. She
 ‘ never had the least constraint put upon her
 ‘ affections. The vile strumpet has basely
 ‘ deserted her parents without any pro-
 ‘ vocation, thus to bring your grey hairs
 ‘ to the grave, and I must shortly follow.’

In this manner that night, the first of
 our real misfortunes, was spent in the bit-

‡

terness

terness of complaint, and ill supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. ‘Never,’ cried she, ‘shall that vilest stain of our family again darken those harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.’

‘Wife,’ said I, ‘do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as your’s; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art
‘may

‘ may persuade, and novelty spread out
‘ its charm. The first fault is the child
‘ of simplicity; but every other the off-
‘ spring of guilt. Yes, the wretched
‘ creature shall be welcome to this heart
‘ and this house, tho’ stained with ten
‘ thousand vices. I will again hearken
‘ to the music of her voice, again will I
‘ hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but
‘ repentance there. My son, bring hi-
‘ ther my bible and my staff; I will pur-
‘ sue her, wherever she is, and tho’ I can-
‘ not save her from shame, I may prevent
‘ the continuance of iniquity.’

The House of Representatives

and the Senate

in the year 1800

and the year 1801

and the year 1802

and the year 1803

and the year 1804

and the year 1805

and the year 1806

and the year 1807

and the year 1808

and the year 1809

and the year 1810

and the year 1811

and the year 1812

and the year 1813

and the year 1814

and the year 1815

and the year 1816

and the year 1817

and the year 1818

and the year 1819

and the year 1820

C H A P. XVIII.

The pursuit of a father to reclaim a lost child to virtue.

TH^{O'} the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter: but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter in a post chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me. I therefore went to the young Squire's,

'Squire's, and though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately: he soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late several private conferences with her: but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself, whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way, to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and enquired of several by the way; but received
no

no accounts, till entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the 'Squire's, and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them ; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure ; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue ! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me : but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more. I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever,

fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I retired to a little ale-house by the road-side, and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stopt to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually com-

compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journies of ten miles a day. My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them; as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shews us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds as we descend something to flatter and to please. Still as we approach, the darkest ob-

objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake; but when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit. The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company, as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. Good company upon the road, says the proverb, is the shortest cut, I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I disserted on such topics with my usual freedom: but as I was pretty much unacquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens, and Otways of the day.—‘I fancy, Sir,’
cried

cried the player, ‘ few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden and Row’s manner, Sir, are quite out of fashion; our taste has gone back a whole century, Fletcher, Ben Johnson, and all the plays of Shakespeare, are the only things that go down.’—‘ How,’ cried I, ‘ is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those over-charged characters which abound in the works you mention?’——‘ Sir,’ returned my companion, ‘ the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character; for that is none of their business, they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Johnson’s or Shakespeare’s name.’——‘ So then, I suppose,’ cried I, ‘ that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakespeare than of nature.’——‘ To say the truth,’ returned

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my companion, ‘ I don’t know that they
 ‘ imitate any thing at all ; nor indeed does
 ‘ the public require it of them : it is not
 ‘ the composition of the piece, but the
 ‘ number of starts and attitudes that may
 ‘ be introduced into it that elicits applause.
 ‘ I have known a piece with not one jest
 ‘ in the whole, shrugged into popularity,
 ‘ and another saved by the poet’s throw-
 ‘ ing in a fit of the gripes. No, Sir, the
 ‘ works of Congreve and Farquhar have
 ‘ too much wit in them for the present
 ‘ taste ; our modern dialect is much more
 ‘ natural.’

By this time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprised of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us ; for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first
 ale-

ale-house that offered, and being shewn into the common room, was accosted by a very well-drest gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play. Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house, with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

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C H A P. XIX.

The description of a Person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

THE house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shewn was perfectly elegant and modern ; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in an easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, were the subject on which our entertainer chief-

ly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor, to which replying in the negative, ‘What, nor the Auditor, I suppose?’ cried he. ‘Neither, Sir,’ returned I. ‘That’s strange, very strange,’ replied my entertainer. ‘Now, I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen magazines, and the two Reviews; and though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, Sir, liberty is the Briton’s boast, and by all my coal mines in Cornwall, I reverence its guardians.’ ‘Then it is to be hoped,’ cried I, ‘you reverence the king.’ ‘Yes,’ returned my entertainer, ‘when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I’ll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think only. I could have directed some things better. I don’t think there has been a sufficient number of
‘ad-

‘advisers: he should advise with every
‘person willing to give him advice, and
‘then we should have things done in an-
‘otherguess manner.’

‘I wish,’ cried I, ‘that such intrud-
‘ing advisers were fixed in the pillory. It
‘should be the duty of honest men to as-
‘sist the weaker side of our constitution,
‘that sacred power that has for some years
‘been every day declining, and losing its
‘due share of influence in the state. But
‘these ignorants still continue the cry of
‘liberty, and if they have any weight,
‘basely throw it into the subsiding scale.’

‘How,’ cried one of the ladies, ‘do
‘I live to see one so base, so fordid, as to
‘be an enemy to liberty, and a defender
‘of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of
‘heaven, that glorious privilege of Bri-
‘tons!’

‘Can it be possible,’ cried our enter-
tainer, ‘that there should be any found
‘at present advocates for slavery? Any who

‘ are for meanly giving up the privileges of
 ‘ Britons ? Can any, Sir, be so abject ?’

‘ No, Sir,’ replied I, ‘ I am for liberty,
 ‘ that attribute of Gods ! Glorious liberty !
 ‘ that theme of modern declamation. I
 ‘ would have all men kings. I would be
 ‘ a king myself. We have all naturally an
 ‘ equal right to the throne : We are all ori-
 ‘ ginally equal. This is my opinion, and
 ‘ was once the opinion of a set of honest
 ‘ men who were called Levellers. They
 ‘ tried to erect themselves into a commu-
 ‘ nity, where all should be equally free.
 ‘ But, alas ! it would never answer ; for
 ‘ there were some among them stronger,
 ‘ and some more cunning than others, and
 ‘ these became masters of the rest ; for
 ‘ as sure as your groom rides your
 ‘ horses, because he is a cunninger ani-
 ‘ mal than they, so surely will the ani-
 ‘ mal that is cunninger or stronger
 ‘ than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn.
 ‘ Since then it is entailed upon humanity
 ‘ to submit, and some are born to com-
 ‘ mand,

‘ mand, and others to obey, the question
 ‘ is, as there must be tyrants, whether
 ‘ it is better to have them in the same
 ‘ house with us, or in the same village, or
 ‘ still farther off, in the metropolis. Now,
 ‘ Sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate
 ‘ the face of a tyrant, the farther off he
 ‘ is removed from me, the better pleased
 ‘ am I. The generality of mankind also
 ‘ are of my way of thinking, and have una-
 ‘ nimously created one king, whose elec-
 ‘ tion at once diminishes the number of
 ‘ tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest
 ‘ distance from the greatest number of
 ‘ people. Now the great who were tyrants
 ‘ themselves before the election of one ty-
 ‘ rant, are naturally averse to a power
 ‘ raised over them, and whose weight must
 ‘ ever lean heaviest on the subordinate or-
 ‘ ders. It is the interest of the great,
 ‘ therefore, to diminish kingly power as
 ‘ much as possible; because whatever they
 ‘ take from that, is naturally restored to
 ‘ themselves; and all they have to do in
 ‘ the state, is to undermine the single ty-

‘ rant, by which they resume their pri-
 ‘ mæval authority. Now the state may be
 ‘ so circumstanced, or its laws may be so
 ‘ disposed, or its men of opulence so mind-
 ‘ ed, as all to conspire in carrying on this
 ‘ business of undermining monarchy. For,
 ‘ in the first place, if the circumstances of
 ‘ our state be such, as to favour the ac-
 ‘ cumulation of wealth, and make the
 ‘ opulent still more rich, this will encrease
 ‘ their ambition. An accumulation of
 ‘ wealth, however, must necessarily be the
 ‘ consequence, when as at present more
 ‘ riches flow in from external commerce
 ‘ than arise from internal industry : for ex-
 ‘ ternal commerce can only be managed to
 ‘ advantage by the rich, and they have
 ‘ also at the same time all the emoluments
 ‘ arising from internal industry : so that
 ‘ the rich, with us, have two sources of
 ‘ wealth, whereas the poor have but one.
 ‘ For this reason, wealth, in all commer-
 ‘ cial states, is found to accumulate, and
 ‘ all such have hitherto in time become
 ‘ aristocratical. Again, the very laws also
 ‘ of

‘ of this country may contribute to the ac-
 ‘ cumulation of wealth ; as when by their
 ‘ means the natural ties that bind the rich
 ‘ and poor together are broken, and it is
 ‘ ordained, that the rich shall only marry
 ‘ with the rich ; or when the learned are
 ‘ held unqualified to serve their country as
 ‘ counsellors merely from a defect of opu-
 ‘ lence, and wealth is thus made the ob-
 ‘ ject of a wise man’s ambition ; by these
 ‘ means, I say, and such means as these,
 ‘ riches will accumulate. Now the pos-
 ‘ sessor of accumulated wealth, when fur-
 ‘ nished with the necessaries and pleasures
 ‘ of life, has no other method to employ
 ‘ the superfluity of his fortune but in pur-
 ‘ chasing power. That is, differently speak-
 ‘ ing, in making dependants, by pur-
 ‘ chasing the liberty of the needy or the
 ‘ venal, of men who are willing to bear
 ‘ the mortification of contiguous tyranny
 ‘ for bread. Thus each very opulent man
 ‘ generally gathers round him a circle of
 ‘ the poorest of the people ; and the polity
 ‘ abounding in accumulated wealth, may

‘ be compared to a Cartesian system, each
‘ orb with a vortex of its own. Those,
‘ however, who are willing to move in a
‘ great man’s vortex, are only such as
‘ must be slaves, the rabble of mankind,
‘ whose souls and whose education are ad-
‘ apted to servitude, and who know no-
‘ thing of liberty except the name. But
‘ there must still be a large number of the
‘ people without the sphere of the opulent
‘ man’s influence, namely, that order of
‘ men which subsists between the very rich
‘ and the very rabble; those men who are
‘ possessors of too large fortunes to submit to
‘ the neighbouring man in power, and yet
‘ are too poor to set up for tyranny them-
‘ selves. In this middle order of man-
‘ kind are generally to be found all the
‘ arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This
‘ order alone is known to be the true pre-
‘ server of freedom, and may be called the
‘ People. Now it may happen that this
‘ middle order of mankind may lose all its
‘ influence in a state, and its voice be in a
‘ manner drowned in that of the rabble:

‘ for

‘ for if the fortune sufficient for qualify-
 ‘ ing a person at present to give his voice
 ‘ in state affairs, be ten times less than
 ‘ was judged sufficient upon forming the
 ‘ constitution, it is evident that great num-
 ‘ bers of the rabble will thus be intro-
 ‘ duced into the political system, and they
 ‘ ever moving in the vortex of the great,
 ‘ will follow where greatness shall direct.
 ‘ In such a state, therefore, all that the
 ‘ middle order has left, is to preserve the
 ‘ prerogative and privileges of the one
 ‘ principal governor with the most sacred
 ‘ circumspection. For he divides the
 ‘ power of the rich, and calls off the great
 ‘ from falling with tenfold weight on the
 ‘ middle order placed beneath them. The
 ‘ middle order may be compared to a town
 ‘ of which the opulent are forming the
 ‘ siege, and which the governor from
 ‘ without is hastening the relief. While
 ‘ the besiegers are in dread of an enemy
 ‘ over them, it is but natural to offer the
 ‘ townsmen the most specious terms; to flat-
 ‘ ter them with sounds, and amuse them

‘ with privileges ; but if they once defeat
 ‘ the governor from behind, the walls
 ‘ of the town will be but a small defence
 ‘ to its inhabitants. What they may then
 ‘ expect, may be seen by turning our eyes
 ‘ to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where
 ‘ the laws govern the poor, and the rich
 ‘ govern the law. I am then for, and
 ‘ would die for, monarchy, sacred mo-
 ‘ narchy ; for if there be any thing sacred
 ‘ amongst men, it must be the anointed
 ‘ SOVEREIGN of his people, and every di-
 ‘ minution of his power in war, or in peace,
 ‘ is an infringement upon the real liberties
 ‘ of the subject. The sounds of liberty,
 ‘ patriotism, and Britons, have already
 ‘ done *much*, it is to be hoped that the
 ‘ true sons of freedom will prevent their
 ‘ ever doing more. I have known many
 ‘ of those pretended champions for liberty
 ‘ in my time, yet do I not remember one
 ‘ that was not in his heart and in his family
 ‘ a tyrant.’

My warmth I found had lengthened
 this harangue beyond the rules of good
 breed-

breeding : but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. ‘ What,’ cried he, ‘ then I have been all this while ‘ entertaining a Jesuit in parson’s cloaths : ‘ but by all the coal mines of Cornwall, ‘ out he shall pack, if my name be Wil- ‘ kinson.’ I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. ‘ Pardon,’ returned he in a fury ; ‘ I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. ‘ What, give up liberty, property, and, ‘ as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be ‘ saddled with wooden shoes ! Sir, I insist ‘ upon your marching out of this house ‘ immediately, to prevent worse consequences, Sir, I insist upon it.’ I was going to repeat my remonstrances ; but just then we heard a footman’s rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, ‘ As ‘ sure as death there is our master and ‘ mistress come home.’ It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master’s absence, had a

mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter, nor was their surprize, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. ‘Gentlemen,’ cried the real master of the house, to me and my companion, ‘my wife and I are your most humble servants; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation.’ However unexpected our company might be to them, theirs, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when, whom should I next see enter the room but my dear miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. ‘My dear Sir,’ cried she, ‘to what happy accident is it that
‘we

‘ we owe so unexpected a visit ? I am sure
 ‘ my uncle and aunt will be in raptures
 ‘ when they find they have the good Dr.
 ‘ Primrose for their guest.’ Upon hear-
 ing my name, the old gentleman and lady
 very politely stepped up, and welcomed me
 with most cordial hospitality. Nor could
 they forbear smiling upon being informed
 of the nature of my present visit : but the
 unfortunate butler, whom they at first
 seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my
 intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the
 house belonged now, insisted upon having
 the pleasure of my stay for some days, and
 as their niece, my charming pupil, whose
 mind, in some measure, had been formed
 under my own instructions, joined in their
 entreaties, I complied. That night I was
 shewn to a magnificent chamber, and the
 next morning early, Miss Wilmot desired
 to walk with me in the garden, which was
 decorated in the modern manner. After
 some time spent in pointing out the beau-
 ties

ties of the place, she enquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. ‘Alas! Madam,’ cried I, ‘he has now been near three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fire-side at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy upon us.’ The good natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the
several

several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us in to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening, the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praises of the new performer, and averred, that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day; 'But this gentleman,' continued he, 'seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey down.' This account, in some measure, excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany
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ny them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last, and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son. He was going to begin, when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable. The actors behind the scene, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion; for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description: but I was
soon

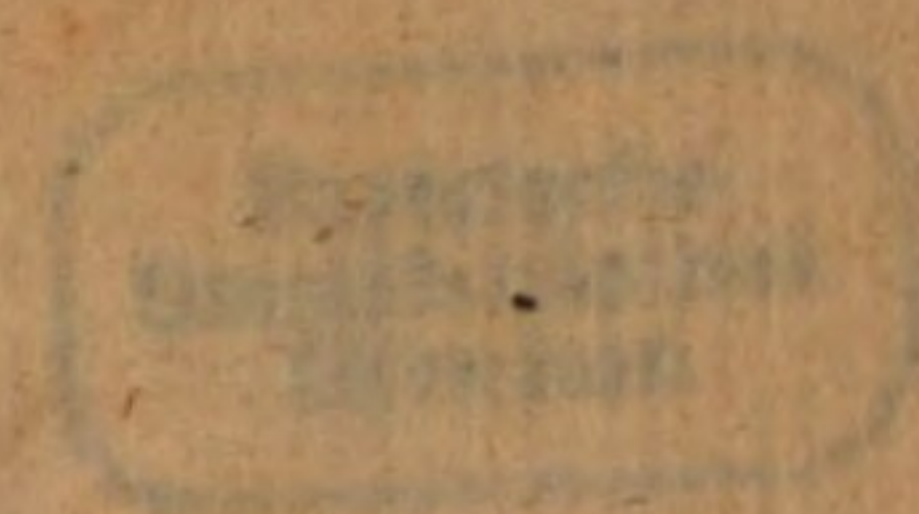
soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation, for him; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit false repentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she
would

would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of unresisted beauty, and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

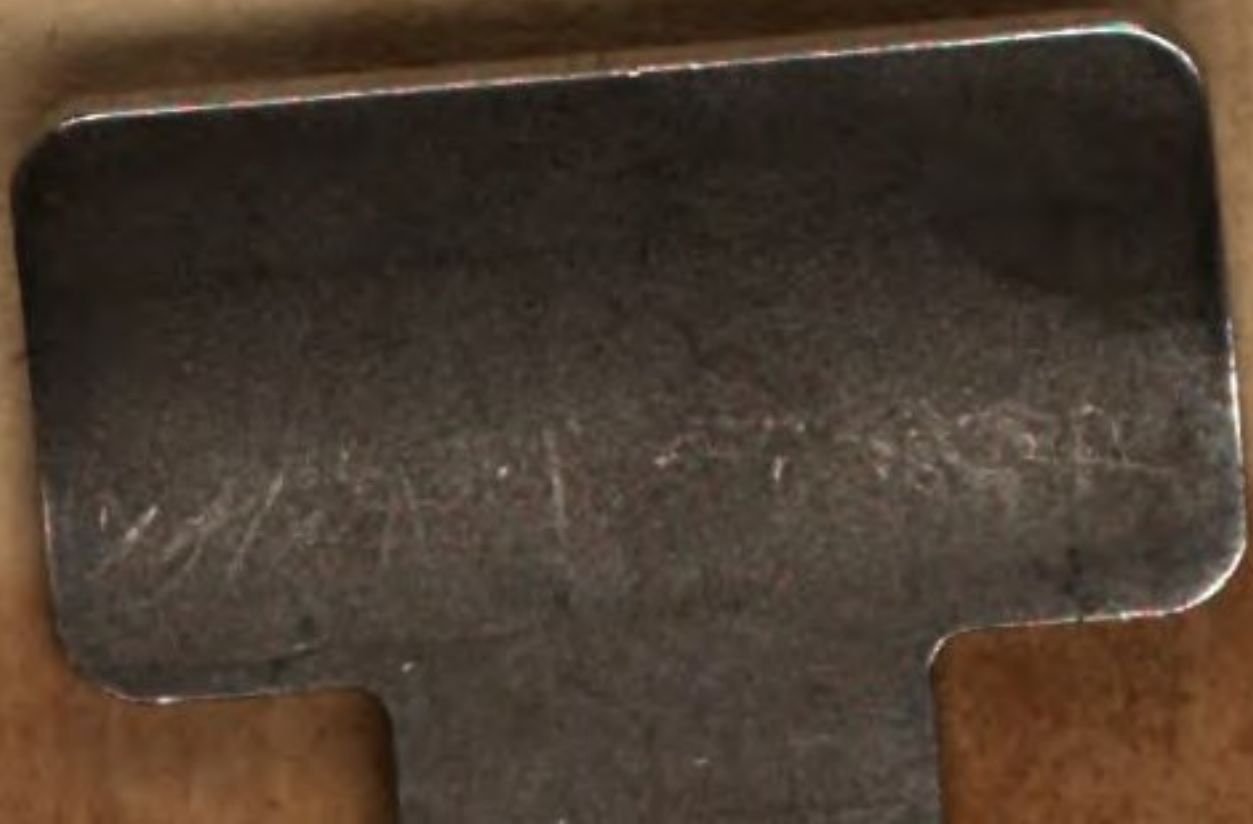
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